

## Belles Stalk Big Game.

Society Beauties Dispense With Petticoats and Hunt Over the Rockies, Wearing Moleskin Breeches, Leather Leggings, a Blue Flannel Blouse and Slouch Hat—Learning to Read Men's Hearts.

This is the season when every woman possessing natural sporting propensities is abroad with her gun, shooting at deer, or bear, or clay pigeons. Though it is practically only of late years that the American woman of fashion has taken to such blood thirsty recreations, she is now actively making up for lost time. Out in the Rockies there are four miles of New York society women, accompanied by their husbands, armed with rifles, living in

deer. Moderately full knickerbockers and leggings of the gray corduroy are worn with a velvet shirt waist of solid gray, and over this goes a Norfolk coat of speckled corduroy, shaped, belted like any Norfolk jacket, and differing from the orthodox pattern only, in fact, that its skirts fall well over the wearer's knee. A corduroy hat, with drooping brim and a tuft of black cock feathers on one side, goes with this, and when it rains the wearer of the corduroy suit retires behind the first

pine-branch high silver cupid with a trumpet to his lips, or a dancing girl with a lily in her upraised hand, or a long-legged stork with his wings unfurled as if for immediate flight. Apparently one of these masterpieces of the silversmith's art is for ornament purposes; in reality, the body of the cupid, the bird, or the bayadere is full of a perfume water that is used only for scenting the hair, and by pinching together the stork's or cupid's wings or bending the dancing girl's foot, a fine, sweet spray comes from the trumpet, the long beak or the lily, for the fashionable woman perfumes her hair only and then it is done with a perfume that costs enormously.

**The Psychics at Work.**  
"Tell us not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream," is what the



Stalking Big Game.

fashionable feminine psychics say, because they believe they have found out that there is more in this earthly existence than material minded folks will allow. To be clearly explicit, the psychics are but a slangy and irreverent term that refers to a group of very earnest ladies of the beau monde who are ardent believers in psychic force, who trust in Queens and his doctrine of the universal soul, pore over Hudson and do a little experimenting with the debatable psychic force themselves. Their experiments range all the way from the study of thought transference and unconscious cerebration to pushing and the reading the stock market's future by the aid of planchette. To be a full-fledged psychic and belong to the Psychic club you must be able to do things that will keep the club amused at its meetings, which are held behind carefully secured doors, and the proceedings of which only rarely leak out. No wicker or cold umbrellas are ever taken into this quiet, but quite influential organization that includes some of the big names in society. You must be sympathetic, you must keep yourself in sympathy, and after a meeting the members all have a comfortable lunch at the home of that psychic zealot whose library has been used.

After you have been a member some time you are allowed to try and make converts and do a few tricks at country houses where you may visit. Of course they are not called tricks, but solely signified as manifestations, and they are done after dinner, before the men leave their wine and cigars, for men are not apt to have much psychic sympathy, and no woman ever sits unmoved when a sylph-like creature in a white gown makes a big brace-table gallop all over the room, forms a hand-clasped circle and sends electric thrills through it, or looks deeply into your eyes and makes you recall verbatim verses of poetry you could vow you had never read but once in your life.

After such experiments as these you are apt to become a yearner after superior soul power and aspire to put yourself in rapport, even if you can never be a practicing psychic yourself. One potent charm this new study has for the younger society woman arises from the argument that no one can be a really vital social influence without possession of a certain magnetic quality, that is more valuable than beauty or wealth, and that is derived by studious cultivation of the purely spiritual.



Before the Wine, Too!

ual element of the mind. In short, if you encourage you soul to grow, you will be able to read men's hearts, enjoy subtle presence on all sorts of subjects and become a modern sibyl and a very superior type of woman indeed.

**Unsympathetic.**  
(Washington Star.)

The young man who aspires to the intense was walking home with the young woman who doesn't quite understand all he says, but, nevertheless, thinks it simply grand.

"Look at the glories of the western sky!" he exclaimed.

She seemed puzzled for a minute, and exclaimed:

"Let me see: you face the north—that's the way our house fronts—and then on your right hand is the east, and your left hand is west. Why, it's the direction we're walking, isn't it?"

He looked a trifle gloomy, but summed:

"How the great masses of color are piled one upon another in nature's lavish and transcendent art!"

"Yes," she sighed. "It makes me think of Neapolitan ice cream."

## Green the Autumn Color.

Shamrock Felts and Fife Plaids Extremely Modish in Honor of Great International Yacht Race—Variations of Emerald to be Used—Velvet Petalled Flowers a Feature of Fall Millinery.

New York, Sept. 8.—This is going to be a green autumn, not so far as vegetation is concerned, perhaps, but beyond that a veritable sea of green is to prevail in the world of fashion, for in the woolly plaids, the creamy surfaced plain goods and the silks, a whole chorus of variation on the tone of emerald will be seen. For this complexion of the fall fashions are directly beholden to the international yacht races and Sir Thomas Lipton's Irish boat. With timely cleverness the milliners have introduced shamrock felts, then we have Erin green camel's hair and the Fife plaid is a common vision, with its deep green and brown stripes, in the shop windows.

The felts, it is necessary to mention, that show outside the rich leaf green of Ireland's beloved plant, are faced on the inside of their brims with a green of a paler shade, and this is the law of the mode just now as it relates to hats. On a brown, mauve, blue or red felt, wherever the brim turns, it reveals the facing in one or two tones lighter than that on the outside, and it is evidently the maneuver of the modistes to assail the wide, low-brimmed chapeau on all sides and accomplish their ends by diverse subtle schemes. This light brim facing is one, and another plan, actuated doubtless by true Christian charity, is that of making the small, flatting hats so extremely pretty that the big wide-roofed ones will stand no chance at all in the sales of popularity.

The great claim, or charm in the new hat is made through its huge velvet-petalled flowers that are so much more becoming than anything save ostrich plumes. The making of these flowers poses no end of difficulties, etc., has been carried to the highest artistic point, and a career of startling color combinations in felt shapes and velvet flowers, have been entered upon by every one of the leading milliners. For example, a shamrock green felt

beautifying work on the cloth crepe de chine, and even the ball gowns, are securing a sort of estimation among well-dressed women, for satin bows, fastened amiably here or there on a skirt are in as anomalous a position as cups and saucers and dinner plates strewn on a wall. A bow on a skirt has no defense against the bruises and crushings it is bound to receive, and it grows shabby and shabby while fulfilling no office that another



New Walking Dress and Hat.

species of ornament could not much more ably and tidily occupy. However, we do find the bows cropping up everywhere, and it is the duty of a fashion chronicler to report their existence, just as it is obligatory to register the prevalence of a taste for draping plain cloth tunics over underdresses of spotted velvet and for ornamenting skirts by buttoning up the tunics from hem to hip, with tabs of gay buttons.

Both of these last are good fashions, that deserve all the following they get, and it is also well worth reporting that many dressmakers are folding one lapel over another on the dress waists, and that the smart new neckties are worn knotted about every possible type of collar. For example, if a dress is finished with a high choker collar of wired lace upon colored silk, its owner puts twice round the base of this a long scarf of the thinnest crepe de chine, pulls it in a four-in-hand knot in front and let the ends, deeply fringed and very possibly embroidered, protrude at the waist line below the fronts of her short coat. Just in a trice women have taken a fancy to the neckties with embroidered ends, and with their silk and light zephyr shirt waists are wearing ardently ties of white or colored silks, with a group of fleur-de-lis, a coronet and plumes, or a nondescript coat of arms needleworked in vivid colors on the flowing ends.

This is only a little freak of the season, but it chimes in nicely with the autumn showing of shirt waists that, in either silk or flannel, are spattered over with embroidered emblems. Sometimes only a black silk polka dot suffices on a rich, salmon, green, flannel waist, or it is a shamrock on a white silk surface, or tiny ostrich feathers in damson red on a mauve ground.

**He Got Well.**  
(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

It was a sad scene. The old man lay on his bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers and forcing back the tears to greet his wondering look with a smile. But he felt the cold hand falling on him, and he turned his weary eyes up to her pale, wan face.

"John, dear, I am going."

"Oh, no, John—not yet—not yet."

"The end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thick and thicker, and there is a light at the end of the tunnel, and I am going."

"What! the dying man. 'Have those sounders heard to come here when they know I'm dying? Give me my boot-jack, I'll let 'em see.'"

Aid, in a towering rage, the old man



Toilet For Early October.

jumped from his bed, and before his wife could think, he had opened the window and whistled the bootjack at the band.

"No, no, John, that isn't angels; that's the brass band at the corner."

"What! the dying man. 'Have those sounders heard to come here when they know I'm dying? Give me my boot-jack, I'll let 'em see.'"

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## HOW ABOUT YOUR BOY?



Lively boys and some clothes we know make a poor combination. You're surely not going to send a poor combination to school, are you? We're making a lot of GOOD COMBINATIONS here, for these boys we're fitting out will be lively enough the coming school days, and we know the clothes part well enough—know them well enough to stand behind them with our reputation, which means they've got to do their duty or your money is yours.

Guarantee the dollar suits just the same as we do the better ones, and, by the way, we've a great suit for a dollar. Don't see how they can make them for the money, but then, that's not our business; they're here, that's our part of it. Lots of others here, too.

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Your Hudyman cured me of Blood Disease and a dozen other ailments. There is no better remedy on earth for impure blood.  
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**Mrs. C. L. Baker, of California.**  
Words cannot express my gratitude for the benefit I derived from Hudyman, for it has completely cured me of Nervous Prostration. I feel like a new being.  
Los Gatos, Cal. MRS. C. L. BAKER.

**W. W. Wren, of Oregon.**  
Your Hudyman has cured me of Liver Complaint, and I never felt better in all my life than now. All my symptoms have passed away. Many thanks.  
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After failing Hudyman one month I find myself cured of Kidney Disease. I consider Hudyman the greatest remedy of the age. I shall always remember you with thanks.  
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El Paso, Texas. G. P. WALKER.

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Miss Thirtymonth—Why, last night when I told him in confidence of my engagement to Mr. Astington, he replied: "Ah, indeed! How did you work it?"

tenis, dressed in the latest sporting raiment and stalking the woods for bear. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish leads one, and Mr. and Mrs. Oreta Pomeroy have picked off one of the biggest grizzlies shot this season. Mrs. George Vanderbilt's sister-in-law, Mrs. Le Roy Dresser, with her husband, has been heading the northwestern marauders for any game they can get, while those women who are not so keen to indulge in the acute dangers of sport are up shooting deer just now in the Corbin Vermont preserves.

The very crack shots of this deer range are the daughters of Dr. Grier, the most fashionable clergyman in New York, and Miss Hewitt. They have done some very remarkable shooting in these forests. Over in the well protected Adirondack woods, where the deer are now at the mercy of the ambitious sportsmen, the damsels who invariably make the best records and who have come through their buck-fever successfully, are Miss Caroline Stokes and the two young daughters of Mrs. Seward Webb. Both the Stokes and Webb families have elaborate camps in the mountains and when September's leaves begin to turn, the young ladies of the family establish themselves for the shooting.

Not the smallest part of the pleasure these thoroughly capable and scientific sportswomen find in their big game hunting is derived from the costumes that common sense, as well as tasteful fashion has made obligatory, and the stiquette of the field demands a hunting habit for the Rockies wholly distinct from that necessary in the Adirondacks. In the western mountains, where long, hard walking, difficult, often dangerous climbing and much riding is done, skirts are wholly dispensed with and the women wear moleskin or whipcord riding breeches, very full at the hips, and from the heavy laced

big tree she can find, plucks off her long skirted coat and puts on an equally long but clear vermilion red waterproof. This gay rain coat is light of weight, warm, becoming, and served the very purpose in the Adirondacks of gleaming from afar through the trees and warning the hunter, who lies in wait, ready to fire at almost the first twig crack, that a gentle Diana, not an antlered monarch of the woods, is breaking cover.

**The Reign of Brass.**  
To the making of collections there is no end and now the women who have been filling their homes with old colonial mahogany and who have finally secured complete sets of bookshelves, are all for fashionable goods in their households. Silver, painted china and ivory have every one had their day as drawing room bric-a-brac, desk fittings and toilet table luxuries, and now they are swept aside for brass. Of course, the mahogany era brought in the yellow metal in natural sequence, and the craze for genuine antique brass candle sticks, with or without cut glass lustres, is making the bric-a-brac dealers rich. On the quaint old rosewood or mahogany dressing table in the bed room of the fashionable woman, just a strip of heavy time yellow lace runs and this must not be wide enough to hide the richly gleaming skin of the polished dark wood top. On the lace scarf, to either side of the low oval mirror, stand massive brass candlesticks, two feet high, holding large wax candles that are not shaded, and although range is electric light introduced about the dressing table the candles are invariably illuminated for the toilet. A series of antique trays hold pins, etc., and the brushes are backed with polished natural woods, into which deeply sunk are heavy brass initials.

On these elegantly appointed dressing tables no powder boxes, perfume bottles, boxes of hair brushes or rouge pots appear, and from this one would judge



DIANA BREAKING COVER.

calfskin shoes to the knee extend the stoutest ant leather leggings. A broad leather belt, blouse, blue flannel skirt and a coat, cut in the skirts like that of the master of foxhounds wears, with a slouch felt or close tweed cap, is the correct, in fact, the essential rig.

In the Adirondacks, for this autumn at least, corduroy is the choice material. Mouse gray English corduroy, speckled over with tiny white dots, is considered the most perfect blend in tone with the underbrush, and the sight of a figure so arrayed by those to stand least chance of alarming a

that all these artificial aids to beauty were scorned, or better still, not needed by our elegants—would that this were so, but truth compels the revelation of a secret drawer, a difficult to discover, cunningly contrived hiding place in every one of these charming tables, and only the lady's maid and the lady herself knows where the drawer is, how it opens or what is in it, and they are not likely to tell.

There is also invariably one quaint object of beauty, to be found on every up-to-date bureau. It is sometimes a